

Hingham, Nov. 12, 1837.

My dear Miss Weston,

How many times

you have popped into my mind during the past week, I cannot tell; but you have been there so frequently, and it has been so like the ~~the~~ visitation of a good spirit, that I will now attempt to put myself in communication with you by the magnetism of a quill. I am afraid, however, that my quill will be but an imperfect conductor of my feelings; but such as it is I must use it for want of a better. — I wish to see you and talk with you very much on a thousand accounts. I wish to ask you whom you are going to vote for to-morrow; i.e. who among the candidates or not among them, is worthy the honest vote of an honest Abolitionist; for I acknowledge I hardly know where to go for a right-down honest politician, and really I don't wish to vote for any other. Mr. Es-  
<sup>to Jackson</sup> letter, I like pretty well, but it is not in total the thing; and the heart, the honest heart, says, "There's the rub." However, I believe Mr E. would



delight to be honest if he could be so and popular at the same time. But this, you know, is a pretty hard task. I wish also to talk with you about the Miss Grimke's, and tell you how glad I am that they have been here, and how sorry that they could not stay longer. They stopped at Mrs. Beals. Mr. S. <sup>myself</sup> and others took tea with them on Saturday. I did not see Miss Angelina on Saturday but a few minutes, as she was quite unwell. There was great opposition from many of the Parish; but the house was well filled, and we had no mob at all. But the lecture has had its effect, and I am rather apt to guess as my good neighbor Lane says, that Mr. B. will not be able to get his parish back again to their old state in six months. What a trouble you abolitionists give to our poor ministers! You go into their pulpits, when they are absent, and rouse up their people to a little thought, and then it will take six months to put thought down again! But I will not say any more about this; for I feel that I may be too severe. Thought is working here now; and if people will but think, think deeply, we need not fear the result. — Mr. Francis has been here to-



day. He outdid himself this afternoon. He is the first minister who has had the independence, for an age almost, to pray distinctly for the oppressed. Mr. F. has had this independence. I know you would have liked him very much.

Miss Tidmarsh has been here while I have been writing this. I have talked and written at the same time, and I hardly know what I have written. When I see you I will tell you all about it. It here means a great deal. Miss F. has just gone out. Mary Lincoln is here too; Mary Jarius, I mean. She has not said one word; but she has heard, and will improve what she hears. Mrs. F. is well; Maria in the country; Almira going to Boston on Wednesday. I have not been to B. since you wrote about that picture. I shall be up at Thanksgiving in pen-pics; when I hope to see you, and the picture too, but the buying of it is another affair. Mary is going now; good night, Mary. — If you are not too much occupied, should be happy to receive a line immediately. Tell Miss A. G. she must not lecture so often. She will lose her health, I fear, before her mission is accomplished. This is a queer letter I believe; but take it with a sincere good night from all of us,  
Increase S. Smith.



Miss Caroline Weston,  
Boston,  
Mass.

Increase S. Smith  
1837